1893.

Fifth Annual Report
of the
Alumnæ Association
of the
Mount Vernon Seminary

Washington, D. C.
MDCCCXCIII

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION
OF
MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCXCIII

EDITORIAL.

THE close of another year, brings to us a fresh realization of the privilege which we enjoy, in renewing our vows of allegiance to our much-loved M. V. S.

Surely, as the years pass by, our dear Alma Mater grows old gracefully; and instead of losing her vigor, as in the way of the world in general, she seems to gain new strength and beauty year by year, until her dear old face is absolutely radiant!

The school has closed a year of marked prosperity—strength of numbers, and increased attractions. While it is the same dear old place, we find some new faces to greet us as we gather again; but the magnetism that surrounds the school brings them all within the circuit, and our hearts go out to them, while, at the same time, we keep in touch with the others—dear ones who have been with us in the years that are gone, but whom we do not find here now. Some are in other lands, some in their own homes, and, alas! some "are not," for God has taken them.

A shadow rests upon our Association at this time, caused by the cloud that has fallen across the path of our dear principal, Mrs. Somers, in the loss of a loved brother, and as "Love knows the secret of grief," we suffer with her in her bereavement.

O! blessed panacea, for sorrow is her noble work, and hallowed the ministrations, which, from her stricken heart, she is able to render to others!

We are full of hope for the coming year. All things point towards prosperity; and as this is the Columbian year, and everything reverts to the discovery of America, we join with the rest in a pæan of thanksgiving that Columbus *did* discover America, for had he not, where else should we have found our beloved M. V. S.?

MARY KNIGHT BRADFORD,
NELLIE M. WALKER,
HELEN HURST,
Editorial Committee '92-'93.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

OFFICERS FOR 1893-'94.

President

MISS ADDIE P. BURR

Vice-Presidents

MISS RACHEL J. COFFIN

MRS. MARIE WILKINSON HODGKINS

Recording Secretary

MISS CLARA KENNEDY

Corresponding Secretary

MISS MARY H. DIVER

Treasurer

MISS HATTIE B. WALKER

Editorial Committee

MISS MARY KNIGHT BRADFORD, Chairman

MISS NELLIE M. WALKER

MISS HELEN HURST

LIST OF MEMBERS.*

Honorary Members.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Somers, - - 1100 M Street N. W.
Miss S. A. Scull, - - - - - 1100 M Street N. W.
Miss S. A. Easton, - - - - - - Cawnpore, India
Mrs. Clara Bliss Hinds, M. D., - - Washington, D. C.
Miss Harriet Grace Brouse, - - 1100 M Street N. W.

Active Members.

1876.

Minnie E. Naylor (Mrs. G. W. F. Swartzell), 933 Westminster Street.

1877.

Margaret Clarke (Mrs. W. A. H. Church). *Died February* 13, 1892.
Mabel Eddy, 56 Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
Juliet Everts (Mrs. Robb), - - - Cincinnati, Ohio.
Carrie B. Gillis (Mrs. David Murray), Binghamton, N. Y.
Mary Stewart (Mrs. John Carey), 660 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

*When not otherwise expressly stated, all addresses are in Washington, D. C.

1878.

Ida Munson Andrus, 211 Park Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Florence Catherine Nokes (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), 392 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lura Nash (Mrs. Clarence Griggs), 1333 Ottawa Ave., Ottawa, Ill.

Mary F. Rankin (Mrs. Harvey Goulder), 45 Hilburn Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

1879.

Anna Woodburn Baggs (Mrs. L. A. Koehne), Indianapolis, Ind.

Carrie Pryor Bryan (Mrs. S. Preston Moses), 7 Cambria Street, Somerville, Mass.

Ida Margaret Hawley (Mrs. A. J. Robbins), 16 Third Street N. E.

Mary Landers (Mrs. John Beall), Montrose, Georgetown Heights, D. C. *Died Thanksgiving*, '92.

Caroline Waugh Morgan, - - 1341 Q Street N. W.

Adalyn E. Smith (Mrs. A. R. Holden), Hyattsville, Md.

Julia May Somers (Mrs. Horace G. Candee), Alma, Neb.

Therese E. Tilly (Mrs. Morgan L. Neville), 1828 H Street N. W.

Villa Welch (Mrs. Harvey Murray), 160 Park Street, Portland, Me.

1880.

Myra Goodwin (Mrs. Samuel Plantz), 125 Howard Street, Detroit, Mich.

Alice Maud Nokes (Mrs. Nathan Hall), Socorro, N. M.

Sadie Ross Rabb (Mrs. James Wade Emason), Vincennes, Ind.

Cora M. Walker (Mrs. F. L. Hayes), 127 West Fifteenth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary Wheeler, - - - - - - - - Muirkirk, Md.

Anna Mary Kennedy, - - - - 321 C Street N. W.

1881.

Anna Seymour Ames, - - - White Plains, N. Y.
Fannie Robinson Chase (Mrs. B. G. Pool), 945 Rhode Island Avenue.
Adele May Grandin, - - - - - - Louisville, Ky.
Alma Marie Hogue (Mrs. Dr. Baxter), Michigan City, Ind.
Ella V. Marlow (Mrs. William H. Harrison), Laurel, Md.
Cornelia Irby Morgan, - 315 Four-and-a-half Street.
Frances Adelaide Tune (Mrs. W. F. Walker), 610 E Street N. W.
Nellie M. Vila (Mrs. Willis Lord Moore), Hutchinson, Kan.
Hattie Belle Walker, - - - 519 Third Street N. W.

1882.

Gertrude Burnett (Mrs. William E. Beach), 185 Columbia Street, Lafayette, Ind.
Regina Calder (Mrs. Ehrman B. Mitchell), 105 N. Front Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Jessie Pixley Lacey, - 203 Maple Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Elizabeth Beall Leech, - - - - Govanstown, Md.
Carolyn E. Porte, - - - - - 1100 M Street N. W.

1883.

Mary Little Cammack, - - - - *Died March*, 1887.
Hallie M. Elliott (Mrs. Frank Ridgley), Springfield, Ill.
Mary Jennings, - 826 Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Florence Helen Nash (Mrs. Weis), 127 Prospect Ave., Ottawa, Ill.

1884.

Marian A. Dean, - - P. O. Box 624, San José, Cal.
Eleanor Foster (Mrs. Robert Lansing), Watertown, N. Y.
Frances E. Scoville, 1225 First Street, Evansville, Ind.
Emma M. Grandin, - - - - - - Glendale, Ohio.

Edith M. Lacey, - - 203 Maple Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Jennie E. Nisbit (Mrs. J. H. Zarecor), Nashville, Tenn.
Louise E. Prentiss (Mrs. Frederick W. True), 1101 Fourteenth Street.
Margaret G. Galt (Mrs. E. Chester Scott), Taneytown, Md.

1885.

Mabel Crampton, - - - - - - - - The Fredonia.
Grace Finley, - - - - - - 1920 Thirteenth Street.
Agnes Inch, - - - - - - - - Norfolk Navy Yard.
Mary Isabel Potter, 600 Seventeenth Street, Oakland, Cal.
Gracia Fredrika Torinus (Mrs. Hiram King). *Died December* 31, 1889.
Louise B. Wilson (Mrs. Lloyd W. Bowers), Winona, Minn.

1886.

Mabel Cannon (Mrs. E. X. Leseure), - Danville, Ill.
Carrie Allen (Mrs. W. D. Van Horn), Wellsboro', Pa.
Katheryn Morgan, Waterbury, Anne Arundel County, Md.
Nettie Stinemetz (Mrs. R. L. Banes), 1508 P Street.
Marie Wilkinson (Mrs. Howard L. Hodgkins), 1830 T Street N. W.
Hattie Staples, - . - - - - - - - Dubuque, Iowa.
Margaret Thompson, 499 East Avenue, Galveston, Tex.
Nellie Haydock (Mrs. J. B. Camp), 2033 Park Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Lina E. Wilson (Mrs. William Alton), 2917 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

1887.

Augusta Eighmey, 1337 Main Street, Dubuque, Iowa.
Grace Willis, - - - - - - - - - Wellsboro', Pa.
Mary Norton, - - - - - - - - - Winona, Minn.
Sarah Wartmann, - - - - - - - Evansville, Ind.
Alethea H. Luse, (Mrs. Sydney Underwood), 5421 Cornell Avenue, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.
Annie Price (Mrs. E. F. Simpson), - Le Droit Park.

1888.

Clara Ford (Mrs. Charles Francis Nesbit), Newport News, Va.
Addie Perry Burr, - - - 431 Fourth Street N. W.
Martha Louise Lemon (Mrs. C. S. Cissel), 1220 Eleventh Street N. W.
Nellie Mathilda Walker, - 14th and Clifton Streets.
Nannie Van Dyke Skillman, 234 New Jersey Avenue S. E.
Rachel Jones Coffin, - - - - - - - Muirkirk, Md.
Mary Knight Bradford, - - - - - - - 904 M Street.
Mary Ada Stinemetz, - - - - - - - 1531 P Street.

1889.

Mary Alice Woodson, - - - - - - St. Joseph, Mo.
Florence Leyden DePauw, - - - New Albany, Ind.
Mary Force, - - - 524 Mabry Street, Selma, Ala.
Anna S. King, - - - - - - - 1315 Twelfth Street.
Florence R. Young, - - 1111 Pennsylvania Avenue.
Eugenia Keen (Mrs. Louis Cunningham), White Plains, N. Y.
Louise McWilliams, - - - - - - - - Dwight, Ill.

1890.

Regular Course.

Edith Dennison Cook. 2625 Ellis Park, Chicago, Illinois.
Edith Dingley, - - - - - - - - - Lewiston, Me.
Mary Hannah Diver, - - - - - - 222 C Street S. E.
Ora Adèle Hancock, - - - - - - - Dubuque, Iowa.
Clara Celinda Kennedy, - - - 321 C Street N. W.
Naomi Blanche Naylor (Mrs. Dr. Joseph R. Huntt), Laurel, Md.
Lucy Myra Ricker, - - - - - - - - Lewiston, Me.
Kate Wright Stedman, - - - - - - Asheville, N. C.
Ina Marie Taft, 3014 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
Mary Roberta Wolf, - - - - - - - Gettysburg, Pa.

Yoshi Kuki, - - - - - - - - - - - Kobi, Japan.
Lucinda Jane Tanner (Mrs. John A. Barnes), Springfield, Ill.
Edna Henderson Tune, - - - 610 E Street N. W.

1891.

Anna Coryell Beebe, 1320 Stout Street, Denver, Col.
Eleanor G. Brush, care John Brush, Indianapolis, Ind.
Phila L. Calder, - - - - - - Wilmington, N. C.
Elsa D. Chamberlin, 1840 Sherman Avenue, Denver, Col.
Mary Chiles, - - - - - - - - Independence, Mo.
Frances Pearson Clapp, - - 1024 Vermont Avenue.
Grace V. Edwards, - - - 111 Eleventh Street S. E.
Elizabeth H. Field, - - 265 Broadway, Denver, Col.
Izzie L. Herrick, 345 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.
Marion D. Lilley, care of Mrs. L. B. Chandler, 2d Auditor's Office.
Susie B. Plain, - - - 907 Massachusetts Avenue.
Sara Bainbridge Shields, - - - - 2019 N Street.
Clara Seipp, - 3300 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Cornelia Harnden Wright, - - - - 1209 S Street.

1892.

Myrtle Baird, - - Baird Building, Kansas City, Mo.
Laura Elizabeth Booge, - - - - Sioux City, Iowa.
Catherine Brown, - - - - - Hutchinson, Kans.
Katherine Choate, - - - - - 730 Eleventh Street.
Grace Alice Doyle, - - - - - - Toledo, Ohio.
Zoe Farrar, - - - - - - - - - Waterford, Pa.
Nellie Blanche Ford, - - - - - - Allegheny, Pa.
Bertha Elizabeth Hammond, - - - Putnam, Conn.
Anna Hazzelman, 100 E. Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Helen Hurst, - - - - 1701 Massachusetts Avenue.
Mary Alice McCabe, 184 Thirty-first Street, Chicago, Ill.
Anne Cushing Sargent, - - - - - Evanston, Ill.

1893.

Blanche C. Barnitz,	La Normandie.
Grace N. Bentley,	Grand Island, Neb.
Elizabeth B. Dare,	221 A Street S. E.
Alice E. Edwards,	1100 M Street.
Anna L. Hoeke,	336 C Street N. W.
Beulah C. Hubbell,	Des Moines, Iowa.
Gertrude Mellen,	St. Paul, Minn.
Mary McCauley,	220 B Street S. E.
Katharine L. Peck,	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Emaugene L. Peters,	Galloway, Ohio.
Florence W. Quick,	N. Salem, N. Y.
Alice B. Ridenour,	Kansas City, Mo.
Corinne Shellabarger,	Decatur, Ill.
Blanche M. Swope,	214 A Street S. E.
Frances Wood,	Marshall, Mo.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

THIS Society shall be known as the Alumnæ Association of Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

ARTICLE II.

Every graduate of the Institution shall be considered an active and life member of this Association.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Editorial Committee of three. These shall together constitute a Board of Directors, and shall be elected annually, a majority of all the votes cast being necessary to a choice.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings, and in her absence one of the Vice Presidents shall act in her stead.

The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association, and present an Annual Report.

The Recording Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the minutes of all meetings, and read the Annual Memoir.

The Treasurer shall receive all money collected as dues from members, and shall pay out the same only upon order from the President; she shall keep a careful account of the financial affairs of the Association, a report of which she shall present at the expiration of her term of office.

Article V.

The Board of Directors shall have power to call meetings, fill vacancies occasioned by death or resignation, and otherwise conduct the general affairs of the Association. Three members of this Board shall constitute a quorum.

Article VI.

(*As Amended.*)

The regular meetings of this Association, shall be two business meetings and a reunion. The first business meeting shall be held on the second Saturday in January, for the purpose of arranging the program for the Reunion, and for the appointment of the necessary committees.

The second business meeting shall be held on the First Saturday in May, for the election of officers. The Reunion shall be held on the Saturday preceding Commencement, at 11 A. M.

Seven members of the Association, three of whom belong to the Board of Directors, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article VII.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at the May meeting, by the vote of a majority of members present, seven members constituting a quorum.

Article VIII.

The Editorial Committee shall edit and publish an Annual, to be issued before July 1st, and to consist of original articles contributed by members only.

Article IX.

There shall be an annual tax of one dollar upon each member, to meet the expenses of publishing the Annual. There shall also be an annual tax upon each resident member, to defray the expenses of the Reunion, the amount to be determined at the May meeting.

ANNUAL REUNION

OF

M. V. S. A. A.

THE Annual Reunion of M. V. S. Alumnæ Association, was held in the school building Saturday, June the third, 1893.

Miss Burr, the President, called the meeting to order and appointed Miss Woodson to introduce the Class of '93.

The President delivered a very able address, in which she earnestly strove to impress on the minds of all present, their duty in regard to active and energetic charitable work. She exhorted them to follow in the footsteps of those noble and efficient members of the Association, who had made such a grand success of the Cherry Vale Home charity.

Surely, she will not have urged us in vain. Let us strive to interest our fellow members as well as ourselves, in some worthy charitable enterprise; for "the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Miss Hubbell of the Class of '93 responded very charmingly to the President's address.

The roll was then called.

The great loss the Association has sustained in the death of Mrs. Mollie Landers Bell, of the Class of '79, was referred to by the President.

A paper was read on the Cherry Vale Home, from Miss McWilliams, of Indiana, and Mrs. Somers supplemented the reading by a brief account of recent generous donations to those in charge of this estimable undertaking.

PROGRAM.

Resolutions by M. V. S. A. A. . Mrs. M. L. Beall
"In Memoriam"—Mrs. Somers,
Read by Miss Bradford.
Piano Solo, ... Miss Hurst
Paper—"Cherry Vale," . . Miss McWilliams
Read by Miss Sargeant.
Recitation—"Billington's Valentine," Miss Anna King
Vocal Solo, . . . Miss Mary Woodson
Paper—Some of Leading Characteristics
of Chas. Kingsley's Works, . Miss Booge
Poem—"So Fleet is Time," . Miss Adalyn S. Holden
Read by Miss Hattie B. Walker.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss Guard

After an enjoyable program, the members adjourned to the first floor, where luncheon was served.

The toasts were introduced by Miss Bradford, the Toastmistress, and were responded to with the usual brilliancy and wit. In conclusion, Mrs. Somers proposed to toast the President—Miss Burr—whose health was accordingly drank with hearty good will by all, and the meeting adjourned.

CLARA C. KENNEDY,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for the Year Ending June 26, 1893.

Receipts.

Balance in treasury, June 30, 1892,		$52.27
Received by A. M. Kennedy, late acting Treasurer, for dues, -	$10.50	
Received by H. B. Walker, Treasurer, for dues, - - - - -	68.00	
Rec'd by A. S. King for luncheon,	27.00	
		105.50
		$157.77

Disbursements.

Paid Chairman Ed. Com. for printing Annuals, 1892, - - -	$60.50	
Expended by Treasurer, postage, -	3.95	
Expended for luncheon, - -	27.00	
Paid A. P. Burr for postage - -	1.95	
Engraving Reunion Cards, - -	3.50	
Paid H. M. Diver for postage, -	2.10	
Paid Chairman Ed. Com., 1892, for expressage and postage, - -	3.18	
		102.18
Balance on hand June 26, 1893, -		55.59
		$157.77

Hattie B. Walker,
Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE Class Night exercises were held as usual, in the Chapel, on Friday evening, June 2d. The room was beautifully decorated with palms and ferns, intermingled here and there with great bunches of daisies, thus carrying out the class colors, green and white.

The essays of the graduates, showed the same high standard that Mount Vernon Seminary always attains, and were listened to by an interested audience, that filled the Chapel to overflowing.

Saturday morning, June 3d, the Alumnæ Association held its annual reunion, which was no whit behind that of other years in its enjoyment.

The last exercise of the week, was the Commencement, which was held in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, on Tuesday, June 6th. The platform was beautifully decorated, the tall palms making a fitting background for the fresh young faces gathered there.

Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of the Church of the Covenant, delivered the address to the graduates, taking for his theme, Intellectual Honesty, the chief factor in character-making. His words were listened to with close attention by the large audience, and everyone must have carried away something helpful for all her future life.

The music by the school chorus, and the solos by Misses Guard and Stakeley, added greatly to the exercises, which closed with a few fitting remarks from Bishop Hurst, as he presented the graduates with their well-earned diplomas.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '93.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

THE revolving wheel of Time, has again brought us to the "leafy month of June," and once more our Alma Mater bids her daughters welcome!

As year after year, we come together to renew our friendships, and to meet our beloved principal and teachers, a feeling of pardonable pride takes possession of us—pride in such an institution as Mount Vernon Seminary, and pride in the thought that we are a part of it.

Round our school memories, we have woven a wreath of immortelles, and often as our boat is tossed about on life's broad sea, our thoughts turn lovingly to the merry school days, and the friendships which were formed during those happy years.

How different we find our real life voyage!

During those years, our boat danced along the brook, playfully winding through the bright fields of childhood and girlhood; to-day we are steering our boat over the changing sea of life.

Though, like the enchanted isle, perfect happiness will always elude us, we shall more nearly attain to it, if we ever keep in view that which is pure and noble, remembering "none of us liveth to himself."

The past year has not been all joy and gladness. Since our last reunion, the death angel has stepped into

our ranks, and plucked one of the rarest jewels for the Master's keeping—Mary Landers Beall. We shall miss her.

"Her angel face
As the great eye of the heaven shines bright,
And makes a sunshine in a shady place."

Although Mt. Vernon Seminary is young, compared with many of the great seminaries of the country, it has a right to hold its head high. It already has a sufficient number of graduates, to maintain a flourishing organization—nay, more than this, the acorn *has* become the *oak*, and one of the wide-spreading branches is almost as large as the trunk, for in the World's Fair city last October, the "Mt. Vernon Association of the Northwest" was started with forty members. Its purpose is philanthropic and social work. A few loyal alumnæ can do much towards making an association a success, but we want the many *workers* rather than the few.

Hence, it is with great pleasure that we extend a most cordial and hearty welcome to the class of '93. We are glad to have such a generous enlargement of our ranks, for we need your fresh enthusiasm, and your active support and coöperation. You do not come to us as strangers, for "our home is here, our hearts are one," and my hope is, that we may soon be welded into a band of sisters, striving ever to "*do* noble things, *not dream* them all day long."

We do not hold up our past career, as an example worthy of your imitation, but may our failures serve as beacon lights, so that, with your assistance, the end may more nobly crown the work.

There are many pleasures and privileges which will be yours, as members of this Alumnæ Association; but let me earnestly remind you of the duties which will devolve upon you. Standing, as you do, only a few steps within the threshold, soon to go forth finally from this school, where you have enjoyed such superior facilities, may you here and now, resolve to fulfill, so far as in you lies, the duties imposed upon you.

Every drop of rain, and every ray of sunshine, has

its mission to perform ; so with us—each one has something to do, something to do as a member of this Association. To this, some of you may reply : "The Association can get along without my help—I can do nothing any way." But you *can*. "Little sticks set the great ones on fire, and a little wisp is often used to kindle a great block of wood."

Did you ever stop to think, that a majority of those who fail in life, do not fail because of a deficiency of power ?

Most people have more power than they can effectively use.

The secret of their failure, lies in not having learned how to economize and direct power—how to make the most of what they have. They work to the best advantage, who concentrate their strength along definite lines of action. Patient continuance in well-directed labor, achieves results at least worthy of life.

Our President last year suggested, that we work for some special object ; at our January meeting, Mrs. Somers asked us to think of some kind of charitable work in which we could engage.

Is it not time for us to *realize* our dreams ?

True it is, one of the members of this Association conceived the beautiful idea which resulted in the successful establishment of the "Cherry Vale Home ;" but now, since that is an accomplished fact, we ought to turn our thoughts into another channel.

So far, our meetings have been simply for our own pleasure, but would it not be a good idea to have a called meeting early in the fall, to devise some plan whereby we could work for the pleasure of others ? Other alumnæ associations have attained to noble ends, why should not we do the same ? Success will crown those, who determine they will be crowned with nothing else, and our knowledge will then have become a real power, which will give us characters of sterling worth, in whatever sphere of life we may be placed.

Can't I stimulate within you new incentives, new aspirations to *do* something for your Alma Mater ?

My great desire, is to awaken you to the unparalleled opportunities of our age, and the need of a movement more earnest and self-denying, more bold and aggressive, than anything that has been attempted to reach those sisters less fortunate than ourselves.

In a fishing hamlet on the coast of Wales, there lived a poor woman whose husband was lost on the dangerous rocks. Upon the spot where he was lost, she piled up stones and built a beacon to warn sailors. The widow's beacon was the first light-house on the Welch coast.

Can not we by united deeds of kindness, build a light-house which will shed the first rays of happiness into many a weary life?

Shall I do something, or nothing, for my Alma Mater? is an individual question which will have to be answered in *action* by every one who has received a diploma from Mount Vernon Seminary.

Let us guard zealously its honor, and do the *very best* we can—we can not do more.

May the seeds sown here to-day, take deep root, and blossom into deeds of kindness, sympathy and love, and may each of so live, that the influence of our lives shall be

"Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
* * * * * * * in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence, urge man's search
To vaster issues."

RESPONSES OF THE CLASS OF '93

BEULAH C. HUBBELL.

Miss President and Ladies of the Alumnæ Association:

As we stand to-day, the new members of the Alumnæ Association of our dear Mount Vernon Seminary, I am sure we all feel it to be the proudest moment of our senior year. We know the duties and responsibilities which this membership means, to each and every one; and we accept them heartily, with the intent of doing all in our power, to maintain the enthusiasm of the Association, and to further the noble work which it has undertaken.

Although the future holds much that is tempting, we cannot leave our school days, so rich with benefits, behind us without regret, and there will be many moments in our lives, when we will have inexpressible longings for our Alma Mater.

For your kind words of welcome to our class, we are deeply grateful, and for the kind consideration that you have shown us, in greeting so cordially, those whose sincerity and earnestness, time alone can test.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY LANDERS BEALL.

CLASS OF '79.

Died suddenly Thanksgiving Day, 1892

Hers were no laggard feet
In life or death. Oh! fleet,
Strong, sure and swift
Along life's ways she went;
Hoarded with loving thrift
All gifts God sent;
Welcomed both praise and blame,
Holding their meed the same;
Counted nor stress nor strain,
Met tasks with smiling face.
Greeting all loss, all pain
With brave, bright grace.

Then swift she turned from all,
Turned from Love's pleading call,
Turned from Life's joys so sweet,
Went with steps glad and fleet
Straight up the shining way,
Up to the gates of day,
Up to her God.

—ELIZABETH J. SOMERS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us by death, our beloved friend and associate, Mary Landers Beall: therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Beall, we, the Mount Vernon Seminary Alumnæ Association, have lost a valued and enthusiastic co-worker; while we

mourn her loss, we rejoice that death can not take from us the memory of her unsullied purity of character, and the simplicity and sweetness of her soul. She has left a memory full of all that is true and noble in young womanhood.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family, our deepest sympathy in this sudden and severe affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the Annual, and that a copy of the same be sent to the stricken husband.

In behalf of the Alumnæ Association,

ADDIE P. BURR,

MARY K. BRADFORD,

Committee.

SO FLEET IS TIME.

So fleet is time—as yesternight it seemed
I sat beside my casement; cold and high
The moon shed radiance from a wintry sky;
And snow-clad hills in frosted splendor gleamed.
Regretful of the summer past, I dreamed—
Nor marked December's glory—questioning why
The flowers should fade, and all earth's verdure die?
With echoes of my voice, the midnight teemed.
And days slipped by—no swifter birds on wing
But flash and vanish. Swelling bud and leaf,
Proclaimed a resurrection, and the spring
Matured to summer. Oh, how vain my grief!
Thrice vain to question. Thrill, my heart and sing!
Each season has its joy, and life is brief.

* * *

Thus musing in "Sonnetic" strain,
I greeted summer, come again,
With wild delight.
An optimistic, cheerful view
Submerged the earth in roseate hue,
And all was bright.
Till breaking through this rapture sweet
Came the refrain—"but time is fleet."

Ah! well I realized its flight,
When told "a poem you must write,
And very soon.
Evolve it in a week's short space,
With possibly three days of grace."
I did not swoon—
But felt as when one day in Fall,
I walked in grove of pine trees tall,
And looking upward caught the motion
Of swaying tops, like waves of ocean.

A moment thus my poor brain tossed—
But flying time must not be lost!
I anchored there.
A loyal impulse in me stirred,
Alumnæ's mandates must be heard.
And with a prayer
To Muses on Olympus high,
I then resolved to do or die.
But oh, for vivid search-light's glare,
Such as illume the Nation's Fair
With piercing ray!
I'd storm that famed poetic mount.
Revealing Inspiration's fount,
Without delay.
And in an air-ship filled with rhyme,
I'd make the best electric time.

Alas, 'tis fate! "A week's short space,
With possibly three days of grace."
More likely less.
"For verses," now says Mrs. Grundy,
"Must closed remain on every Sunday."
Though in distress
I've reached in desultory way
This "Mid-Plaisance" of this my lay.

You haven't quite the idea caught?
Have failed to focus one clear thought?
Then lend your ears.
My text, though sad, is not a dirge—
"So fleet is time"—from this I urge
Upon you dears,
To gather sunshine as you go,
And shed it forth through weal and woe.

After the Winter comes the Spring,
And 'tis not all of frost to sting.
Then while you wait,
Be seeking crystals in the snow,
And thinking of the life below.
Oh, penetrate
To where the little seeds of brown
Lie warm as if 'neath eider-down.

So thus I send you words of cheer,
In this great Exposition year,
And pray you heed.
I think with optimistic eyes,
The hue may change in any skies,
I do indeed—
And this repeat, though time be fleet,
And life be brief, it may be sweet.

ADALYN SMITH HOLDEN.

HISTORY OF "CHERRY VALE."

ONE of the noblest movements of the past year and a half, "for sweet charity's sake," has been an effort to express girls' appreciation of girls in the establishment of the "Cherry Vale Home" at Greenwich, Connecticut. Through the columns of the *Christian Union*, some of us have become familiar with the great good already accomplished, but as the work has become a matter of personal interest to so many of the teachers and girls of Mount Vernon Seminary, it has been thought a statement of what has been done would not be amiss at this time.

Not only has our Alma Mater responded most generously and gladly, but the schools throughout the land have shown a practical interest in the undertaking, and have contributed to the necessary five thousand dollars in various ways.

The "Working Girls' Vacation Society," of New York, had long felt the need of an accessible country home, open all the year round, to which they might send deserving, over-worked girls, or girls out of employment, until they could secure work.

The Society had only *summer vacation* homes, and hundreds of noble girls had to be refused the much-needed days of rest, which the exhausted body demanded.

To our own Miss Porte, came the happy thought, that the establishment of a home for these girls, would be a beautiful tribute for the school girls of the land, to pay

the girls who have not their privileges. A letter was sent the treasurer of the Working Girls' Society, asking what amount of money would be necessary, to purchase and furnish a house suitable for summer and winter occupancy, and also, if the amount were raised, whether the Society would become responsible for its management. A reply came that $5,000 would be needed, and that the society would gladly assume the management of the fund.

The proposed plan for the school girls to raise the money, seemed an ideal one, and the noble manner in which they immediately began to respond, was a beautiful expression of the love and fellowship that binds human hearts together.

The first appeal was made in November, 1891, and by Christmas the amount received was $661.00.

In one week the amount was increased to $1,169.50, of which Mount Vernon Seminary contributed $1,015.50, and by the end of April, 1892, the fund consisted of $3,067.05.

By this time the money had come from far and near, in large and small amounts, but all expressive of the kindly interest of girls for girls, or *lovers of girls* for girls. Different schools asked the privilege of furnishing rooms, and were aided by suggestions from the Home Department of the *Christian Union*, which still promptly answers all inquiries.

Generous as had been the contributions, up to May 12th, 1892, the amount on hand did not justify the Society, in becoming responsible for the purchase of a home, when the needs of the time was met in the generous offer of a New York gentleman. Two houses, in perfect repair, with as much land as could be practically used, were placed at the disposal of the Society for a year, with a promise, that if the results were satisfactory, the owner would then do something better.

As there was no possibility of the school girls' fund, reaching the amount required to build a home that year, it was deemed best to use the money then on hand, in furnishing the two houses.

Representatives of the Vacation Society, the *Christian Union*, and the school girls, at once inspected the houses, determined upon their needs, and everything was in readiness for the first party of twelve girls, who were taken to Cherry Vale on the evening of May 29th. Words would but feebly express what this journey of little more than one hour from New York, meant to these girls—all under twenty years of age.

Two of the party had never before been out of Brooklyn, and *four* had never seen the country.

What wonder, then, that such exclamations as "I never saw so many stars," "How sweet the country smells," and "I'm so glad I could come," were heard in the still evening air, as the party was driven from the station, over the winding country road to the home.

A representative of the Working Girls' Vacation Society, was hostess of the occasion, and no one could look into the happy faces that night, without feeling repaid for any sacrifice necessary, to make this haven of rest and recreation possible.

Cherry Vale had now become a *realized* dream!

On the following Monday, one hundred working girls came from New York and Brooklyn for an all-day picnic. Work-room, factory, and shop, were forgotten, and the beauty, and sweetness, and freedom of the place, filled their lives for one short day.

There is a visitor's room in the house, and not only is it hoped to make the home a place of rest and recreation, but for social opportunities, such as have never been offered to working girls.

It is hoped the various schools that have interested themselves in this noble work, will be able to send representatives to Cherry Vale for a few days, a week, or longer time, to stimulate the social life, to create new standards and desires among the inmates, and in return to find how much is *noble* and *true* in the life of the working girl.

This, then, is in brief, the history of the ideal and real Cherry Vale.

During the past school year, Mount Vernon Seminary

has, in addition to the $1,015 previously contributed to the general fund, given $251.50 for the furnishing of a room in the Home. The members of the M. V. S. circle of King's Daughters, have made and given for the beautifying of this room, various dainty articles, such as bureau and table covers, splashers, pin-cushions, laundry bags, shoe bags and embroidered towels. A few choice books, and pictures, have also been given. This room, all of whose furnishings and fittings are in the school colors, white and yellow, is to be called the M. V. S. Room, and is always to be cared for by M.V.S. girls, and contributions of books, pictures, money or anything that will add to the comfort of the occupants, will be received at any time.

Let us each improve our opportunities to advance the work, that in the highest, broadest sense, the two ends of the girl-world may clasp hands.

LOUISE MCWILLIAMS, '89,
Dwight, Ill.

SOME LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF CHAS. KINGSLEY'S WORKS.

THE saying that a man lives through his words, rather than his actions, too frequently applies to many great writers. And though we can but enjoy the fruits of their high intellectual and theoretical morality, it is an entirely different feeling, which prompt the exclamation after having finished one of Charles Kingsley's novels: "A man indeed." Yes, one whom we would have liked to know, a deep-natured, earnest worker, passionately in love with the discovery of "the brotherhood of man."

Living among the poor in his capacity of rector, sympathizing with them in their sorrows, great and small, his life became a part of theirs, thus enabling him to find in every being, even the most degraded, a seed of true goodness. In becoming acquainted with his imaginary companions, who verily seem like real ones to us, as they no doubt did to him, it is intensely interesting to note, that even in portraying the character of his worst villain, some indication of this divinity, often hardly perceptible may be noticed. Even Miriam, the slave-trading Jewess, engulfed in every crime by which she could satisfy her vile ambition, was the possessor of that "greatest thing in the world"—mother love; for we are certainly led to believe that the love which she bore for her son, though misdirected in its selfishness, was pure; and when the time came to reveal it to Raphael Ahen-Egra, it was done with *in-*

tenseness, a characteristic which never ceases to be refreshing to the readers of Charles Kingsley's works. And, indeed, with every thing the man said and did, accompanied by vigor and incisiveness, he could scarcely have known what the word inactivity meant.

As we have seen, all his energies were bent toward the helping of those nearest his own door. His sentiments on this subject are strongly expressed by the dear old Scotchman—Sandy Mackage—who, bound heart and soul to the people, after reading his laddie Alton's first attempt at poetry, said to him: "Are you a Cockney or a Cannibal Islander? If God had meant you to write about Pacifics, He'd ha' put ye there, and because he means ye to write about London he put ye there."

As we follow Alton Locke through his struggles for the people, we become more and more sensible of the dignity of his work. And when we learn to know Eleanor, the heiress, highly born and highly educated, living among the outcasts, helping to put those fallen creatures in a position to help themselves, to fight their own battles, we truly realize that we were not sent into this world only to save our individual souls, but can echo her own words: "How I have learned that that is most spiritual and noble, which is most universal."

Individually, one can never be thankful enough to Charles Kingsley, for impressing upon the mind and heart that Christ's spirit is in *every* man, and that it is in the power of all God's children to make themselves more pure, so that they may be able to see more of the purity in those about them. For our author shows us, that in attempting to be true to ourselves, in listening to the voice of God within us, it is so easy to overlook the fact, that there is also a voice of God without in every living thing. He reminds us of the Divine Law by which the Universe is governed, and from which not even the most infinitesimal spark of life can escape. How he reveals to us, over and over again the truth of Christ's saying, "Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." Look at Jemmie Downes, the ragged,

worn-out gin drinker, and hear his pitiable cry: "My men ran away ——; but here I am; and I that sweated others, I'm sweated myself."

But let us turn from this being, who had fallen so low that he could scarcely longer be called human, to Hypathia, the embodiment of beauty, grace and wisdom, and ask why her life too was a failure? Could the reason have been, that she was not a member of the Christian Church, professing its doctrines; or was it because, holding herself aloof from the common herd, she could not be made to feel that they were her brothers and sisters? In other words, she had no thought of practicing what she preached. But can we blame her for being what she was—her, whose strong nature, disgusted with the bigotry of the early Christians, was never made to feel the force of the *life* of Christ?

No, surely not, when so many of us to-day, with every incentive to the highest, noblest living, forget that there are many around us longing for a helping hand. Did we but pattern after the life of our Elder Brother, in giving a part of our very selves to those about us, could it then be said of one of us, that our life, like Hypatia's, was a failure?

Laura Elizabeth Booge,
Sioux City, Iowa.

TOASTS.

"M. V. S." - - - - - - Miss Hoeke

"A life to live—and such a life! a *school*
To learn one's lifetime in—and such a *school!*"

Mrs. Somers. - - - - Miss Crampton

"The kindest, best of friends. The best and gentlest creature that ever shed happiness on every one she knew." "A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

Alumnæ Mothers, - Mrs. Howard L. Hodgkins

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just).
They know a simple, merry knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over early solemnized,
But seeing, as in a rose bush, Love's Divine,
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom—
Become aware, and unafraid of love.
Such good do Mothers."

* * *

"For never, till dear lips shall call us 'Mother,'
Can we its deepest meaning understand,
It comes thro' pain and suff'ring, and it reaches
Beyond the veil—within the better land!"

Grandma Eddy, - - - Miss Nellie Walker

"Ninety bright summers, ninety winters cold,
Have come and gone, and yet thou art not old:
Those years of shine and song, of frost and chill,
Have heralded thy birth, and waiting still
Are the bright years beyond, which thou shalt call
Thy life. For autumn's changing leaves shall fall,
And spring shall bud, and summer sweetly bloom,
And stately winter wear his snowy plume,
A few more seasons; and when men shall say,
'Her life was long, but it is done to-day,'
High up among the angels, though we grieve,
New born, in heaven, thou shalt begin to live."

Our Engaged Girl, - - - Miss Elsie Edwards

"Her heart is given him, with all its love and truth."

"This I wish you, this is best,
Love that can endure the test,
Love surviving youth and beauty,
Love that blends with homely duty,
Love that's gentle, love that's true,
Love that's constant, wish I you.
Still unsatisfied she lives,
Who for gold mere silver gives;
One more joy I wish you yet,
To give as much love as you get,
Grant you Heaven this to do,
To love him best, who best loves you."

Our Sisters of Charity, - - - Miss Scull

"The very flowers that bend and meet, in sweetening others grow more sweet."

Class of '93, - - - Miss Gertrude Mellen

"Bright study years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life;
How swiftly are ye gliding by,
Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green, or white with snow;
But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendship formed at—M. V. S."

RESPONSES.

"M. V. S."

My experience in toasts, has been limited to the buttered kind, and so closely connected is the thought "dry," that it is hardly to be expected that the chain of the "association of ideas" can be broken, and therefore, this will be of the same variety, dry.

But nothing seems more appropriate, for us as the door of school life is fast being closed, and we stand on the threshold of life with its duties before us, than to turn and cast one fleeting glance at the happy days now over. For what jolly days have been spent within the sheltering portals of "1100 M," under the loving guidance of our own Mrs. Somers!

Nothing could be more dear to us, than the memory of our "bright college years" at Mount Vernon Seminary, where not only have we had pointed out to us the roadway leading to education and culture, but where we have been taught to meet and conquer the petty trials of life, thus better fitting us for the sterner realities; where some of our most valued friendships have been formed; yes! where we have even seen ourselves grow!

For just as the root planted in rich soil, watched by the careful eye of the gardener, strengthened by the bright sunlight, refreshed by the cooling rains, may grow into a beautiful flower, so our lives, so carefully watched and started by our gardeners, may now grow into the kind of plants we ourselves would make them. Then let us think that we have a "life to live, and such a life!"

While we have been expanding mentally and morally, M. V. S. has not been standing still, but with ever ready steps has kept up in the train of progress.

This year, new branches have been added to the course, which we might before have thought complete. The girls now fathom the mysteries of physiology in a well ordered laboratory; the psychical culture, and Delsarte adepts, with herculean strength, do unheard-of things with dumb bells; and the grace with which any of these nymphs stoop to pick up a handkerchief, might well put the goddesses themselves to shame.

Then, too, the building has been beautified for us. The walls, with their dainty, harmonious tints; the Reading Room, with its teeming shelves; the Chapel, sweeter than ever with its new pictures, all are inspirations for our own elevation. Thus, in every way, by the widening influence of our surroundings, our thoughts are turned into the channel of higher things, and we have instilled in us an impetus to "*act.*" She may call herself blessed, who may possess the diploma of Mount Vernon Seminary.

So, though we leave behind us Psychologies, Art, Histories, and "Money," that is in Politics, we can take with us only the most cherished recollections. And as we drink to the glory of the Past and Present, and the great success for the Future, let us take our *Alma Mater* as the highest standard of a "school to learn one's lifetime in, and such a school!"

Mrs. Somers.

I must beg pardon for my presumption in accepting the honor of responding to this cream toast, and plead as my excuse the ignorance of inexperience, being in the position of the man who, when asked if he could play the violin, said he "didn't know, he'd never tried."

I have sometimes heard people wonder what bond there could be between graduates who had been in different classes, and who were little, if at all, known to each other. But to put such a question to a college

man or woman, would only elicit a pitying smile for the questioner, and a look of compassion for one so evidently dull of comprehension

We love our Alma Mater, and the words—Mount Vernon Seminary—strike at once a chord of loyalty and pride in all our hearts. Yet each year, as the time for our Annual Reunion approaches, the thought and anticipation of it in our minds, is a reunion with Mrs. Somers. We are to meet in our fellowship of love for her; to feel again the happiness of her presence, and her loving influence.

These hours of Reunion, are all too short for the expression of our loving thoughts and praise of her—yet because it is the strongest feeling in our hearts to-day, let us, for mere pleasure's sake, review what her influence has been to us; what it may have been to you in a like period of three years spent in M. V. S.

Some of you may have forgotten your experience on entering school.

At that time boarding school was a great joke.

Perhaps you have heard or read of the scrapes and jolly times of girls at boarding school, and imagined that life there was a series of exploits and encounters between teachers and pupils, where the pupils invariably came out ahead, studied little, and had loads of fun."

You enter the school. Other girls, when you come together, seem to have had the same idea as yourself.

Then Mrs. Somers comes upon the scene. In spite of a little awe of her, you bravely exchange looks, which defiantly say: "Humph," and you think it will be easy. You are young, but you are very knowing.

As the year progresses you notice the older girls have a peculiar sort of sincere air—not at all what you expected—but there are other new girls like yourself with a similar ambition, and together you do your best to have a time. You have the time, for which you expect to be reprimanded. You are sent for, and you go determining not to "give in."

But Mrs. Somers hasn't the tone you were prepared

for; she calls you "dear" in such a way that you wish she hadn't, or rather you hadn't. Some way there is not the spice about it you thought there would be, and you rather feel your littleness. You wonder what it is you were trying to do.

The charm has begun to work. You can no more escape it than you can escape the air you breathe.

You begin to wish Mrs. Somers had a good opinion of you. You would like to do something for her, if you only had a chance; but you have your reputation with the girls, which rather troubles you now, and you grow quiet at times and perhaps get your lessons better.

And the year goes on—not much learned, may be—in fact, you seem to yourself to be much more ordinary than when you entered. A good symptom, which means you are on the right track, if you did but know it; for you have acquired the first requisite for improvement, in thus feeling the need of it. You are learning a lesson not to be had from books.

You go back the second year, but with very different ideas, and you find the same Mrs. Somers, with the same gentle and all-pervading influence, which you are now prepared to receive.

You know that she must remember your ways with her last year, and you wish she knew how you felt.

Mrs. Somers sees farther into a young girl's heart than you think. Patience! Your time is at hand!

She asks you on one day, which you will never forget, to do something for her. Ah, do you know the pleasure of that? to be asked to do a favor by some one you love, and Mrs. Somers understands, and now you worship her. Given this devotion to Mrs. Somers, and a year's work before you, and you have assumed the best that with your capabilities you can perform.

You are in your second summer—a time dangerous for maidens as well as for infants; you meet new people, and under the excitement of the time and holiday, you are perhaps foolish or indiscreet. But your influence is with you now, not to be thrown off for a summer holiday—no, nor for all time—and a gentle

conscience whispers, "What would Mrs. Somers say?" and is your guide. Your faults are more evident to you now than ever—still more hope for your improvement.

You are back for your last year, a year never to be forgotten. As one of the older girls, you are more directly under the Principal's guidance, and that mysterious influence, is forming a power in you which is to last throughout your life. In this year you are growing in judgment and in gentleness. Character, at all times, influenced by environment and association, is now most susceptible to it, and forever thankful must be the girl, who has the blessing at this time of such an influence, and who, as the lesson of her school, begins to understand the meaning of the Christ-like spirit.

"Near thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,
Is not all glory thine?"

And thus is Mrs. Somers' spirit, sweetly shed upon her girls, like a soft light, illuminating the way and penetrating to the darkest corner.

A gesture, or a look on the fertile ground of a young girl's heart, bears fruit we little dreamed of.

"Only one little word;
But it stirred the depths of a living heart,
And there through the years and changes of life,
With its blessing and glory, its darkness and strife,
The *soul* of that little word shall abide
And nevermore depart."

Most of all does the girl who has missed the influence of a mother's love, know the peculiar charm and sweetness of Mrs. Somers' kindliness. *She* little knows, or dreams, the meaning of it, nor how many are the seeds for good that she has sown.

"This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did sway upon a wall,
Our shadow selves, our influence may fall
Where we can never be."

Hers has been a task, indeed, great. But we are told that a sacred duty, faithfully performed, brings, in its fulfillment, its inevitable reward. If so, what must Mrs. Somers feel in gazing to-day upon this—her work!

It might be suggested that the answer to this important inquiry be omitted.

One thought more, in closing: There are many kinds of love—all part and portion of the one great love—and high among them, is that we bear to noble souls—a love which, in its charm, lends inspiration for higher purpose, and loftier ideals.

The greatest proof of our love for Mrs. Somers, must be the power in us, to show, in other ways than words, her influence in our lives, that in our work and perfections we may be what Mrs. Somers is:

A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
A creature, not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
With reason fine and temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.
And yet a spirit too, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

Alumnae Mothers.

If this gathering included only one kind of Alumnæ Mothers, I am sure the way to interest them most would be to talk of babies in general and to interest myself most to tell of two in particular, even though these two have the serious fault, or rather misfortune spoken of by one of our members in her talk on the subject of Alumnæ babies two years ago; "to be boys," and alas! can never look forward to a happy time when they could gather with us around this festive board. But there is also present, what might be called a second variety of Alumnæ Mothers: namely, those who have the time, as well as the energy and ability to originate and to carry on charitable enterprises most necessary to progress and human happiness, and to these the subject of babies is not all absorbing; so dear fellow Alumnæ, let us consider the subject of Alumnæ Mothers under its two heads:

Firstly, Alumnæ; secondly, Mothers.

Is not Alumnæ most appropriately fitting?

The first letter of this word, so full of meaning to us, is the first letter of the alphabet.

It is a noun of the first declension—one point where we are ahead of the men; and were not the Mount Vernon Seminary Alumnæ, the first graduates of a young ladies' seminary in our noble city to form themselves, under the guidance of their honored principal, into an Alumnæ Association? the first to have luncheons at the Association Reunions? the first to have toasts at the luncheons? And although the Class of '93 is the only one which has the honor of being present for the first time, we all seem to be having a first rate time.

Secondly, Mothers.

Since Alumnæ begins with the first letter of the alphabet, how suitable it would have been for Mothers to begin with the second letter. Unfortunately, however, for the symmetry of my firstly and secondly it does not, but begins with the letter of that unlucky number thirteen. Yet, notwithstanding this bad luck at the very beginning, I think every mother present, no matter of what variety, will agree with me when I say that our trials and tribulations are far outnumbered by our pleasures. For we do not regret the constant demand made upon our time and strength, but only wish that in some way it might be possible for us to be in two places at the same time, so as to become better acquainted with our fellow Alumnæ, and meet more frequently to recount the stories of our happy school time or of the joyous, present, and yet not leave the babies to the tender mercies of possibly cruel nurses.

Grandma Eddy.

Ninety beautiful years, aye 93, spent in fruitful work for others; in early years hard toil for daily bread; in later years the more quiet, but not less useful work of influencing others by the sweet example of a life well spent.

"Whatever of good there is in any of the children which has enabled them to make their mark in the world, is due to the training and influence of the dear mother," is the testimony of one of her children.

Grandma Eddy's is a heart full of love for the three generations of children, who live to bear witness to her useful and beautiful life; full of interest in all of "her children," as she tenderly calls us; full of sympathy for those that need her.

"And yet thou art not old." What is age when a life has been full and useful! It is only when our hands have been idle, our hearts cold towards others, that the years seem empty and we dread to see them pass.

May Grandma Eddy still live to bless and help her children, and to feel the love thrown around her in such profusion, but when God calls his own, though our hearts be sad, we may know that it is but a continuation of her sweet life here below, and we can say with Arnold

"By mortal years
Immortals grow not old."

Our Engaged Girl.

I have been requested to respond to the toast of the "Engaged Girl." Somewhat, I confess, to my embarrassment; for as a demure young student just about to enter upon life seriously, I have a faint misgiving that "engagement" is not just the proper subject for me to discourse upon, nor am I at all certain that I can discourse wisely on such a subject. However, my youth and inexperience will, I am sure, plead for me if I fail in my undertaking.

I shall have to proceed in the plainest of prose, though a poetic treatment would, no doubt, be more adapted to the engaged, girl, about whom there floats a peculiar, romantic atmosphere. This is also, I am well aware, more effective when undisturbed by the uninitiated; but since those concealed by the mystic

surroundings seem invariably incapable of speaking for themselves, the present speaker must throw back the veil, and reveal as best as she can, what lies beyond. And it is no easy task—the engaged girl, my friends, is a problem. Here are girls who a very short time ago were like all other girls—ordinary, simple, sensible—just as positive about old maid halls, and the rest of it, who have suddenly become very complex and baffling characters—have seemingly left our little world behind them—any one who has had much to do with an engaged girl knows, with pain, how little attention she bestows upon those once dear to her. What causes such a change? It is a question hard to solve. Does she ignore us because she has ceased to care for us, or is it that she "loves not some less, but Cæsar more?" (you will pardon that transposition as it fits our case better). We will hope it is the latter, and that time will do—what, indeed, it does do in most cases—bring us back to our places in her affection. She can not be judged harshly; the fact that she is engaged furnishes sufficient excuse for her behavior in the eyes of the world. She herself is certainly never guilty of offering any at all—preserving the most provoking silence on every point in which we are particularly interested. If she would only speak after it was all over and explain away our wonderings—but alas, no—what blushing bride or dignified matron will ever open her lips on this subject? We are left to our own conjectures, or this same staid matron may advise us rather tartly to "wait, my dear, and find out for yourself" in reply to our very natural curiosity. But waiting is long, and conjecture is uncertain, and then it is apt to be unjust. How, then, shall we lift the veil? They say a fair face is all the fairer under a filmy covering. Why lift it after all? Let the engaged girl keep her mysterious fascination. She is undoubtedly happy—she is unlike any body else—and it cannot last long anyway. Let us leave her in peace. Smile at her follies as we may, we are not unmindful of her charms, though failing to comprehend it. We

will wish her well and overlook her shortcomings, and hope to get her back again to the friends of her sensible youth, this mysterious stage once passed. May happiness attend her.

Our Sisters of Charity.

As the member who was expected to respond to this toast was absent, it was done by Miss Scull, the Associate Principal, entirely impromptu. Nothing, however, could have been said more gracefully or acceptably.

Class of '93.

Miss President, Miss Toastmistress, and Members of the Alumnæ:

The poet who immortalized these lines—

> "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a flying,"

must have been an earnest seeker of those brightest blossoms in life, which remain the cherished keepsakes of our memory. Now that our school years have passed away, leaving only sweet thoughts of rosebuds gathered during happy moments, we begin to look into the future, wondering what store of sorrow or joy awaits us.

Old Father Time in his relentless, onward course, sometimes sweeps down too near our planet, thereby catching his scythe on church steeples or chimneys and causing those delays in his progress which seem to make the only tangible thing in the world our own atomship in a universe of gloom—in other words, what we girls call "the blues." Not many days ago, this venerable, white-haired father, in soaring over Washington with his eyes fixed, alas! westerly, in the direction of the Woman's Building, dashed his scythe against the Monument, and in the commotion dropped his hour-glass to the earth. With the thought of my coming commission as oracle of the Class of '93, I captured the magic glass and while the sands run, will rise like the Princess Ida.

"Upon a wind of prophecy,
Dilating in the future."

Across my vision floats a familiar form; but look closer, do not gray locks coquette with wrinkles on her thoughtful brow, and is not her ample professor's gown bound by blue and black ribbons? What mean these sombre colors? Johns Hopkins has thrown wide its portals to co-education, and among the names of those who bear most valiantly aloft the banner of science ranks that of Grace N. Bently.

Turning to Trafalgar Square, an animated figure with fiery black eyes, is seen standing upon a rough platform under the austere gaze of Nelson. Her voice rings trumpet-like amid the plaudits of the crowd, while the spirited staccato of a wooden mallet lends its emphasis to her theme. Woman's suffrage is marching on the way. Courage, sister, till it comes. Who would think our gentle play could come to this?

The shadows of a pyramid now darkens the sparkle of the shifting sands in my glass. Beside this stern memorial of Egypt's greatness, stand a youth and maiden. His dark eyes seem to discharge *electric* fires in the gloom, and with one mighty contortion he throws himself, a suppliant, at her feet. Scornfully she turns away. Oh! the anguish of that adorer's heart as it echoes those words, so fatal to a state of mummied bliss, "Thanks awfully; but excuse me." And she still signs her name Beulah Hubbell.

It is the Blue Room of the White House that I now see. Who can the tall, graceful matron be, around whom, "as bees around a rose," hover the guests of the evening? Let us play eavesdropper on those two gossipy, old ladies in the corner. Surely the hero of the hatchet fable, near whose portrait they are sitting, would sooner step from his frame with words of remonstrance than listen to an untruth; so bearing his possible descent in mind, we will listen to what these old ladies are saying. "What? the one in the center of that group of Congressmen? Ah! yes! she was a Miss Hoeke. Had half the politicians in the country

wild over her debates. Married, of course, and raised her husband, by reason of her diplomatic eloquence, to the Presidential Chair, and herself, the power behind the throne, to the position of First Lady of the Land." For that administration is predicted a glorious era in the history of protective tariff.

Again the sands run swiftly, and through them glow the brilliant lights of a ball-room The dancers glide by with happy, smiling faces ; but one near us, grace in every movement, an angel she seems in human guise. Nearer, nearer yet ! A halo of reminiscences envelop that delicate form. One moment more——. Alas ! too late ! The rightful owner has snatched the magic hour-glass and the face of her whose joyous future was but a suggestion to us, with those others of the class of '93, will be mirrored in the golden sands, only for Father Time himself ; and may his greeting be one of gentle kindness to us all.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Somers will spend the summer quietly in Evanston, Ill., at the home of the dear brother, who was so suddenly taken from her. "Grandma Eddy" has been there since early spring.

Miss Scull is looking forward with much pleasure to a visit to Chicago during July and August.

The Chicago girls are delighted at having Miss Dame with them. She is studying at the University of Chicago, and her apartments are at the Beatrice.

Miss Clara Seipp, '91, sailed for Italy last February.

Miss Sara Shields, '91, sailed with ex-Secretary of State Foster and family, on the first trip the "New York" made under American colors.

Miss Edith Dingley, '90, sailed for Europe with her parents on the 8th of March. After several months of travel she will go to Paris for further study of vocal music.

Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, and Miss Mary Wilson went to Wilmington, N. C., to attend the wedding of Miss Phila Calder, '91.

Miss Roberta Wolf's wedding, which was to have taken place in May, was postponed on account of the death of her brother, the second she has lost since leaving school.

Those who attended the Covenant Church on Easter Sunday, witnessed a very pathetic service in the baptism of the tiny baby of Mrs. Mary Landers Beall. The stricken father held the child, and many tears were shed for the motherless little one.

Mrs. Adalyn Smith Holden is rejoicing in the advent of a boy—Randall Francis.

Miss Burr, '88, is having a delightful visit with Miss McWilliams, '89, leisurely taking in the Fair meanwhile.

Special attention is called to the fact that it has been decided to have a school pin. It is of white enamel with initials and border of dull gold. All who have been pupils of the Seminary above the Preparatory grade are entitled to wear the pin, which can be had by applying to Miss H. Grace Brouse, 1100 M Street, Washington, D. C. Price $3.75. Look out for it at the Fair!

Miss Clara Ford, '88, had a very pretty wedding, at which M. V. S., especially the class of '88, was largely represented, Miss Nellie Walker being maid of honor.

Mrs. Hodgkins has another boy, and Mrs. Cissel is the mother of a dear little girl.

The Seminary girls, especially Miss Smith's Psychology class, were delightfully entertained this spring by a visit from Helen Kellar, the deaf, dumb and blind protégé of Mr. Alex. Graham Bell.

It is needless to ask where the girls are going this summer. There is but one direction—Chicago. Miss Hurst has set the example, which we all hope to follow.

MARRIED.

October 10th, 1892, in Washington, D. C., Therese E. Lilley to Morgan Lafayette Neville.

October 6th, in Harrisburg, Pa., Regina Calder to Ehrman B. Mitchell.

October 12th, in Washington, D. C., Naomi B. Naylor to Dr. Joseph R. Huntt.

January 10th, 1893, in Washington, D. C., Clara Ford to Charles F. Nesbit.

April 26th, in Wilmington, N. C., Phila L. Calder to Joseph Keith Nye.

DIED.

Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1892, Mrs. Mary Landers Beall, of Washington, D. C.

January 13, 1893, at his home in Rockford, Ill., Rev. J. A. Brouse, father of Miss H. Grace Brouse.

May 5th, 1893, at his house in Evanston, Ill., Mr. Morris Eddy, beloved brother of Mrs. Somers.

Made by . . . . .
A. G. Gedney . .
Washington, D. C.